

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

NO. 206.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

—AT—

\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-

pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

—PRAISE THE LORD.

NEW ORLEANS, 82 BOURBON ST., Feb 14

DEAR INTERIOR:—Every day I am more impressed with the fact that New Orleans is not correctly known outside her borders. We have been here but a week, it is true, but long enough to disabuse us of a score of unjust prejudices and false preconceptions. Yesterday we saw with our own eyes how quietly and obediently a whole city full of people, who, for the most part, had never known a "Sabbath," in our popular, Israelitic sense of the word, could acquiesce in an ordinance, that, by a single stroke, abruptly cut them off from a hundred sources of what they had for a life long esteemed innocent employment and enjoyment. It was nothing less than a revolution to these New Orleans people. But they step into the new order of things without a jar.

The theatres, operas and museums go on as usual. But the foxes, who have lost their caudal appendages, will not long endure their brethren sporting a long brush, in their very faces; and the merchants, defrauded of Sunday gains by the new law, will not bear, permanently, to see the amusement-mongers reap a bountiful harvest of dollars under their noses. Being now in an enforced majority, the next law will sweep the theatre; and then, possibly, New Orleans will become so odiously decorous on Sunday that a reaction will come, and "the sow that was washed will return to her wallowing in the mire." I do hope not, but I am a little afraid that is about the way the devil will work it.

Meanwhile it is beautiful to observe how amenable to law is this city. We have all esteemed so lawless. The main thoroughfares are now filled with carpenters and the din of hammer and saw along the side walks rises above the thunder of the traffic and travel on the streets. Every balcony is being propped for Mardi Gras. A feature of New Orleans streets is the frequency of these balconies. You will walk square after square in principal streets under these lofty and impenetrable sun and rain shades, that stretch from the store fronts to the carriages. They must be delightfully protective in the summer heats. I know they were splendid in a pouring rain, for I have tested them fully to day.

Well, these balconies, for which an ordinary row of pillars suffice in bearing up the strain ordinarily put upon them, must all be strengthened by numerous props and braces, to hold the thronging crowds that people them, to view the Mardi Gras processions. And wherever rows of seats can be arranged along the open squares, or where the balconies are wanting, there an array of carpenters are to-day, hammering away most noisily. It reminded us of the profuse preparations in San Francisco for the reception of the Grand Army, that assembled in that city last summer.

So we are to leave to day, on the very threshold of Mardi Gras. Why not wait for it? Because we have no time for sight-seeing. And this is true, without the least affectation or posturing as saintly persons, better than the ordinary. It is simply a pleasure to turn our backs on New Orleans just as the trains come in crammed with the sight-seers. There is no particular self-denial involved in it, for we would infinitely rather be at work than lounging; and we can not praise the dear LORD too fervently that His grace has brought us, by easy stages, to "that athletic frame that rejoices in abundant occupation," as one has so aptly expressed it.

And we thank Him, now that He has, without any arrangements on our part, so ordered our steps that our gospel has not been handicapped by needless collusion with the things the world flock innocently or guiltily to see. We were sent away from Philadelphia a few days before the opening of the Centennial. From San Francisco a few days before the rally of the Grand Army. From New Orleans a few days before Mardi Gras festivities. Time and again we have in our travels visited fashionable Springs, but never, so far as present recollection serves, in the season. Scotland we struck in winter; India in summer; and so on. Always the best time for the gospel, but not for sight-seeing. And we have learned the blessedness of the lesson, I think, in its sweetness and self-denial, as well as the tender care of the dear Father, lest His children should be too little distinguished from the world that counts these things as "their portion" and find in them their "all."

But what is Mardi Gras? I am not insinuating the intelligence of my readers who know by answering this question for "the babe." My children, Mardi Gras literally means "Fat Tuesday." It precedes Lent,

when good people are supposed to be in a very worshipping frame for 40 days continuously. It is synchronous with the world-known Carnival of Rome and Venice.

That word Carnival, my children, has a deep significance. It means "a farewell to the flesh—carni-va-le—and seems in most countries to be of such a fondly lingering character as to inevitably breed in the thoughts of "outsiders" the idea that Christians are leaving behind something they like very much indeed, and going forward into something they do not like quite so well, without putting too fine a point upon it. All of which, my children, I do not think will convert the world to Christianity very soon. For the "world," had as it is, is rather shrewd in its way and an excellent judge of shams. Dear children, I wish it were not so, with all my heart, but I am afraid this particular sham is the legitimate outgrowth of that religion that does not teach that God is LOVE and Nothing Else, but that He is "a hard Master and an austere man"—at times, at least. So, when a long stretch of His service is about to begin, these worshippers think they ought to fill up with the "flesh" by taking a "good, long pull" at it before bidding it good-bye for so uncomfortable a period as 40 days. This is the plain religious English of Mardi Gras and Carnival. I am happy to be able to add, my children, that most people never think of the religious aspect of carn-va-le, but just go in for having a "good old time." In this view of it the rollicking jollity of the season is not so reprehensible. And in New Orleans, I am told, the Mardi Gras festivities are unmarred by low debauchery, coarse blasphemy, or quarrelling; but is just a season of most unrestrained joviality and good feeling. And if you ever go to New Orleans during that festive season, I hope you will not have any religious enjoyment in it, but just the ordinary kind of fun, which is often

"Relieved by the heat of men" for I can not imagine anything more loathsome and incongruous than serving our good God as if he were a hardshin, or we had turned our backs upon anything in order to do it. And saying this, I could not be understood as uttering one word against the season of Lent; God forbid! I am too good a "churchman" for that, not to say too good a Christian. I hope the custom was older than the Papacy; and though it may not be, I am quite willing to give it the benefit of the doubt by respecting it. I am bold to say, however, that I would gladly swap the whole Lenten part of our blessed "Book of Common Prayer" for the restoration of the anointing clause in the "Visitation of the Sick," in King Edward the VI's Prayer Book of 1549, which ought to be the Church's Liturgy, in my judgment. But it isn't, more's the pity, and we will have to put up with the best we can get. The anointing of the sick is in God's word, which Lent is not; however venerable for age and ecclesiastical authority.

We attended St. Paul's yesterday morning and heard a sweet sermon from Rev. Mr. Waters. I was electrified by his announcement of our afternoon services in Werlein Hall; and I record my gratitude here. It was as bold as it was kind and Christianly. For the clerical brethren are as afraid of me in New Orleans as the dear saints at Jerusalem were afraid of Paul—having "heard so many things." Without arrogance, I may, I trust, be permitted the comfort of nestling alongside the great Apostle for a little warmth, when thrust out in the cold by my brethren.

Well, we had two glorious meetings in Werlein Hall and I never had more attentive listeners in my life. The day was raw and the cold wave we had been warned against as coming 24 hours before was doing its worst, after the heavenly weather that preceded it. And the seed sown in those two services of exhortation and song will, I think, result in a meeting during Lent, before we leave the extreme South. While the madness of Mardi Gras is on the people a successful meeting is perhaps out of the question. But in the sober Lenten season we shall have a better chance. So we are to run up to Koshinko, Miss. (Atala county), to fill in the time till the dear people who heard us and who are thoroughly aroused shall have an opportunity of perfecting arrangements. "The best laid plans gang aft agley," but we are hoping in the dear LORD's love to return to New Orleans for a month's work this season yet.

And as good-bye, loveliest city of the fervid South. A week's acquaintance is all too short to satisfy, but not too brief for intimate knowledge. We feel as if we had been born and brought up in New Orleans. We do not wonder at the enthusiastic fondness the people entertain for their beautiful city. It is indeed a delightful place to dwell in.

Many a time, if we return not, will "fond memory" recall the third story lodgings in Bourbon street, with its presiding matron "madame" in the bandana, with the little wing extensions, whom I felt an almost invincible propensity to call "aunt," but restrained myself from disgrace with an effort. And my little French barber, with whom I continued on the best of terms and to whom I gave a generous "tip" at our last interview, for the suave way in which he said, with a gentle bow, "Monsieur is so easy to please." What could I do but respond in the way in which my little man would be most touched? And the bird

store in Chartres street, oft frequented, where an old German woman presides over the rarest collection of singing and talking "fowl of every feather," with monkeys of all sizes thrown in; and a wondrous collection of exquisite shells, so delicate and beautiful and rare. It is a museum, gratis, as well as a place of traffic. One can purchase a splendid monkey for \$20; a handsome parrot for \$10 to \$20, according to accomplishments; a grand cockatoo for \$20; and Canaries at all prices, from \$2 up. One venerable cockatoo we laughed over till our sides ached. In some way he had picked up this deprecatory description of himself—"Bad, bad cockatoo!"—pronounced in a very hoarse voice; upon which basis he at once tucked his head down to be scratched, forthwith, for saying it. Like some people I have met in my gospel trampings, who esteem it a merit to abuse themselves and expect praise for it. Every pastor will recognize this style of "poor sinners." "Bad, bad cockatoo!"

And can we ever forget our trip to the Barracks, well down the river, in the suburbs, where the soldiers are quartered; and where, in the balmy air of the matchless afternoons we sat on the levee, under the shade trees, watching the drift float down and the ships steam up the great river. The crows in flocks were taking cheap rides on the former and talking to each other noisily. And of the latter we will specially recall the stately Italian man-of-war, which gave a sharp, ringing salute of 21 thunders from her rifled guns—answered by the responsive roar of our two brave 12 pounders from shore. It was a gallant sight.

And our visit, far out in the suburbs, to Sister Battie Rochester, friend of former days, and still the same. How she worked to get up yesterday's meetings, and the cooperation of her noble son, Frank, we can not soon forget. They are still chief workers to bring about the Lenten meeting, together with our dear Mrs. Humphreys, of Woodford county, Ky., who came in only to-day, and whom we had nearly missed entirely, though her plantation is but 15 miles out of the city. It is off the railroad, however, which means everything inaccessible.

Going out the magnificent St. Charles avenue to Mrs. R.'s we passed the handsome mansion of an old Stanford resident—Tom Hunton, Esq. He has a superb place and has long been identified with the city of his adoption as a successful lawyer. And time would fail to tell of the wonders of the peerless Canal street—surely one of the handsomest business thoroughfares on earth. To walk "up one side and down the other" after the electric cars are lighted is such a delight to the eye that music only is required to fill the ear to float one off to fairy land. And that you have at quickly recurring intervals, till a late hour at night from an exquisite band, that invites in dulcet tones the passer by to invest a dime in a popular museum, the Barnum's of New Orleans—Robinson, proprietor—well deserving mention in this little chronicle for the pleasure his music gave us, gratis.

We tried many restaurants. The best are too high-priced. The poorer ones are dear even at the low rates they charge. I believe you will strike the "golden mean" best at Fabacher's, 102 Custom House st., near corner of Royal. It is clean, tastefully arranged, quiet and the cooking really superb. May I advise some stranger who visits New Orleans to try Fabacher's crab or shrimp gumbo and broiled sheephead fish? I think they will be grateful for the suggestion. The fact is, we all have stomachs. I want to recognize facts.

In New Orleans Lent is no hardship, for the fish diet is the daintiest, the year round, that you can find. There is no carn-va-le in broiled sheephead; tenderloin trout; baked red fish, or "snapper," with the finest oysters, perhaps, in the world; not to speak of unlimited shrimp and crab. In such pampering profusion the "farewell to flesh" is about like the retirement of that old monk of a rat, who left the vain world, to be discovered by an incredulous young scap of his kind dwelling in the inner depths of a rich old Caddis cheese.

We expect to run up to McCoub to-night, give the people there a service on Tuesday night and resume our journey to Koshinko Wednesday. Let me meet us there, we hope. All well. Ever in Jesus,

GEORGE O. BARNES.

The Smith family was largely represented in the army of the Union, and at one time there were upward of 600 in the army of the Potomac. On one of the regimental rolls in the Tenth division, which gave names and birth places, were entered: "Giuseppe Smith, Italy; Juan Smith, Spain; Hans Schmidt, Holland; Ivan Schmittewski, Poland; Jean Smeels, France; Ion Skimmiton, Greece; and 12 John Smiths born in this country, besides one whose native land was sweet Erin, of whom it was recorded, 'named Patrick, but says that he is called John for short.'—[Ben Perley Poore.

Hon. James B. McCreary is making himself useful as Congressman to the whole country as to his immediate constituency. He is making a telling fight against everything like a scheme of extravagance.—[P. duchab News.

A Western farmer, especially when winter rations run short, feeds his hogs clover hay wet with warm water and sprinkled with corn meal, bran or flax meal.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—John P. Landrum, of Crowe Roads, rejoices in a new boy at his house.

—A handsome, new sign directs the stranger where to find the postoffice.

—John H. Craft, of Letcher county, was here Tuesday, arranging to move with his family to this county.

—Phelps & Tuttle have moved their stock of general merchandise from this place to Bash's Store.

—H. C. Eversole, county, has moved his family to town. Jailor Phelps has been sick, but is again on foot.

—Col. Harry Tiffany and family who have made London their home for several months, have taken up their abode at Richmond.

—Police Judge W. P. Baker has bought the depot grocery of Parsley & Co., and will divide time between same and municipal affairs.

—The London brass band, the other night, "blowed" for the local papers, the papers "blowed" for the band and the London blowed up!

—W. D., R. S. and Jackson Wooton, Jim Miniard and son, Jim Maggard and other mountain moonshiners, witnesses, etc., passed through to Louisville the first of the week.

—The meeting in progress at the Methodist church at the time of our last communication, has closed and Bros. Ragan and McClure are endeavoring to christianize Hazel Patch.

—Willie C. Brogan has been to Richmond discussing with Col. Bronston the question of Federal patronage. Mr. Brogan is a deserving young man and worthy of any preferment Madison may see fit to bestow.

—H. F. Glass, confined in jail in default of \$5,000 bail for the killing of Mat Waggoner, was brought before Police Judge Baker Tuesday on a writ of habeas corpus, the committing magistrate, Judge Boring, being absent, and executed bail in above sum.

—Miss Kate Calfax left Tuesday for Louisville. Wm. Parker, of Clay county, was here Tuesday. Col. C. W. Stringer, Pittsburgh, has been visiting here. W. L. Brown is at Pineville court. W. R. Ramsey and J. W. Jones attended the Federal court at Louisville. Miss Lucy Jackson, Exmont, has been visiting in this city.

—Deputy Grand Dictator, A. D. Noel, has succeeded in organizing here a good working lodge of Knights of Honor, offered as follows: A. B. Brown, Post Dictator; M. T. Craft, Dictator; G. T. Farris Vice-Dictator; J. H. Pearl, Assistant Dictator; T. A. Fain, Reporter; E. H. Hackney, Financial Reporter; J. H. Jackson, Treasurer; R. P. Brown, Chaplain; R. E. Craft, Guide; J. W. Jones, Guardian; W. M. Rice, Sentinel.

—The London Leader, after a fitful career of some eighteen months, has finally shuffled off this mortal coil; and, strange to relate, unlike all similar enterprises and entirely unbefitting its merits, and incommensurate to the cause in which its feeble, but always cheerful voice was raised, has been plunged into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, prepared for the devil and his angels—sold out to the republicans! May God have mercy on the misguided and unfortunate youth, and let Lazarus, or some other experienced newspaper man, be sent, not to cool its parched tongue, for it deserves no commiseration, but to warn its brothers, still in the land of democracy and plenty against the awful doom that awaits the unwary!

—We, of the superb and always-to-be-remembered mountain county of Laurel, have noted, not without sensations of sympathy and a burst of that fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind, the boasts of some imaginary great men of Madison county of the great things they propose to do with their filthy lucre in our sister county of Rockcastle. We have in our minds now a man who has confidently asserted on our streets that Laurel would be all right when money was lost within her borders! If that gentleman chances to see this paragraph he will remember that the writer told him in no equivocal terms that he was not only doing the honest people of Laurel county a crying injustice, but was making an unmitigated ass of himself and ruining the cause he was attempting to further, and to which we, ourselves, are committed with might and main. And we say here that John D. Harri- managers would do well to keep such men severely at home, and what is far better, rely upon the inevitable qualities of their candidate to carry them to victory. Of the candidates before the people there can be no question of the superior fitness of Senator Harkin for the exalted position to which he aspires, and the simple reason that he is of Madison county, or that he is unfortunate in the possession of some fool friends, should be no reason why we should close our eyes to our own interests and help to defeat him. Laurel county is cursed with numberless flatterers who may be bought in a final contest, but to its credit be it said, the honest democracy of the county spurns the bare idea of allowing them in any way to control the selection of candidates; and we confidently expect Laurel in the end to fall into line and march on to victory with honest John Harkin. In the former, the same may be said of Rockcastle county and we are trusting and praying that the latter may also prove true in her case. Let "the Madison boys come" and go to the damnation how woe! let us zealously guard our own interests, and when good comes even out of Nazareth, let us promptly and cheerfully accept it.



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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

This is to certify that Mr. Jacob Ottenheimer no longer connected with the Lincoln Land Co., that he is not authorized to contract for the Company, or receive money for the same, or to incur any obligation in the name of the Company, or in any way to act or to seem.

O. L. RICHARD, President Lincoln Land Co. New York, Dec. 11, 1886.

Commissioner's Sale

—OF—

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GARRARD CIRCUIT COURT.

C. L. Nevins & Others, Plffs; against James A. Collier, Ac., Defts. Consolidated cases in Equity. In pursuance of a judgment of the Garrard Circuit Court rendered at its January term, 1887, in the above styled cases, the undersigned Master Commissioner of Garrard Circuit Court, will on

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1887,

on the premises sell the lands of James A. Collier, mentioned in the pleading of above styled cases, and described as follows: Situated in Garrard county, Ky., on Poor Ridge Pike, adjoins the lands of Wm. Carter and others and known as the "Box Collier" land. The first tract contains 81 Acres and the 1/2 of said James A. Collier, in same will be first sold. I will then sell the fee simple title of said Collier in the 120 acre tract. The land is fine farming land, well improved, watered and in a high state of cultivation, and the two tracts jointly each other.

TERMS: The purchaser will be required to execute bonds, payable to Master Commissioner in 6 and 12 months, with approved security, bearing 6 percent interest from date until paid, having the force and effect of a judgment, with lien retained on land for the purchase money. Possession given on day of sale.

203-1d. GEO. DENNY, M.C.G.C.

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J. H. PHILLIPS, Executor.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

—OF THE—

LINCOLN LAND COMPANY.

All persons having debts against the Lincoln Land Company are requested to present them to J. W. Ayres at his office in Stanford, Ky.

O. L. RICHARD, President.

WM. AYRES. JAS. G. GIVENS, Notary Public.

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